

The Fate of the Human Carbine

Cat Power

Thinks of money all the time
Doing it to annoy her
She's on his conscience day and night
So he acts like her employer They all come and peep through a hole in the wall
Keep the bastards guessing He likes to take the long way home
It's another fine decision
From six to seven, he'll be all alone
So he turns on television Doesn't even notices the hours roll by
It's lost inside the screen
Watches the film about the evening sky
It was someone else's dream All come peep through the wall
Keep the bastards guessing All come and peep through a hole in the wall
Just to watch his heart undressing They all come and peep through a hole in the wall
Because you look so impressive

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